THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] [No. 33.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1804.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 98.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I NEVER once had an idea that I was a poet, till the other day, when I got a very pretty book to read, and found, that the author and I felt exactly alike. I always thought that to make verses, and them like, was right down hard; but it an't so at all. You wouldn't, perhaps, believe it, sir, but I declare I can write as fast as any of your correspondents; besides, what I write is so vastly natural, that I'm sure you'll like it. I'm sure its better than writing about things one don't understand. However, as it an't right to say too much for one's self, you shall have a specimen of my abilities.

A LYRICAL BALLAD.*

"Oh! could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing!"

It was last night, dear brother Jim, (1)
Last night it was, as I may say,
Just when the watchmen lit their lamps,
To make the night like day.

It was last night when I did go,
All by myself towards the dock;
And it might be, but I'm not sure,
Just about eight o'clock.

It was last night, when I walk'd forth, (2)
All by myself, down Second-street,
And on the right hand way I went,
The right hand of the street.

I was, besure, in a sweet mood,
And not at all to grief inclin'd,
Tho' well we know, that pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind. (3)

My walking stick was in my hand,
And by my hand I held it fast,
I took it in my own right hand,
And so right on I past. (4)

It is a right down honest stick,
In truth I've had the stick so long,
And 'tis so old, 'tis hard to say
If ever it was young. (5)

So on I went, foot after foot, (6)
Not thinking, onward did I go;
For animals that think, we're told,
Move always rather slow. (7)

And I did meet full many folks,
Who walk'd also, and I, alack!
Said how 'twould take a deal of time
For them all to walk back.

And then I thought of them I met,
Perhaps, indeed, there might be some,
Who were not going far away,
And others going home.

And so, thinks I, it may be so,
And on I went right merrily;
For all the lamps shone bright, and I,
In sooth, was full of glee.

When—how those things will come to pass,
When we would not dream of the matter!
Who, in the wonder, should I see,
But one as like, as like can be, (8)
To Molly, drawing water.

She had a pitcher in one hand,
It was—I saw it—made of tin,
Like those upon the shelf at home,
So round, and white, and thin.

She stood by them there what d'ye calls,
From which they get the water,
Like pumps, but yet they are not pumps, (9)
That stand beside the gutter.

Them things like—like—I can't tell what,
They splash a body so; in fact,
I guess that they are very like
A mountain cataract. (10)

Them things that gush, gush, gush so much, (11)
And there, as sure as I'm alive,
By her stood girls just one, two, three,
And men two, three, four, five. (12)

I gaz'd, and to myself I said, (13)
'"Tis Molly! Molly! as I live!' (14)
But how she came there, I'll be hang'd
If I a guess could give.

Yet, though there were so many by,
I was not daunted, not at all;
Tho' passion! but I thought it strange
To see, just there, our Moll.

And so I jostled through the crowd,
Tho' I could scarcely get me through,
And slap'd her on the back, and cried,
'Why, Molly! how d'ye do?'

Oh, brother Jim! you would not guess,
No, I am sure you would not hit
The truth, if you would guess a month; (15)
It was not Moll abit!

No, 'twas some sulky, crabbed tike,
Who quickly turned round—ad switch her!
And, whap, she emptied in my face,
Oh misery! the pitcher. (16)

Well, whap, right in my face it came,
Or in my mouth, which was as bad,

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* As I shall probably be accused of borrowing from a much admired author, I think, Mr. Saunter, that I may as well be beforehand with the critics, and acknowledge my having taken some hints from the following passages, which may be found in the writings of the celebrated Mr. W. Wordsworth.

[1] 'A simple child, dear brother Jim.' [*Vol* 1. *p.* 110.
[2] I believe no caviller will object to the repetition of its being *last night*, for this not only makes the thing narrated much more certain, but it is also the true ballad style, witness the following:

'My little boy, which like you more,'
I said, and took him by the arm.' &c.

'And tell me had you rather be,'
I said, and held him by the arm.' &c.

'In careless mood he looked at me,'
While still I held him by the arm.' &c. [*Ib. p.* 107.

And afterwards:

'And *five times* did I say to him
Why? Edward, tell me why?' [*Ib. p.* 108.

[3] 'In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.'
[*Vol.* 1. *p.* 115.

[4] 'And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, 'I've caught you then at last!"
[*Ib. p.* 91.

[5] 'There is a thorn; it looks so old,
In truth you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and grey.' [*Ib. p.* 117.

[6] 'The horse mov'd on, hoof after hoof,' &c.
[*Vol.* 2. *p.* 51.

[7] 'But then he is a horse that thinks,
And, when he thinks, his pace is slack.'
[*Vol.* 1. *p.* 157.

[8] 'As like, as like can be.' [*Ib. p.* 120.

[9] ——'Once again I see
Those hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows.'
Vol. 1. *p.* 202.

[10] 'And foaming like a mountain cataract.'
[*Vol.* 2. *p.* 3.
But, what makes this the more wonderful, is, that it was a horse that foamed so excessively.

[11] 'The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,' &c.
And again:
'Burr, burr, how Johnny's lips they burr!'
[*Vol.* 1. *p.* 156.

[12] 'And fiendish faces, one, two, three.'
[*Ib. p.* 142.
I have somewhere else met with a beautiful example of this, which may be termed the numeric style:

'Ha! little nest, I have you fast,
And little birds, one, two, three, four.'

[13] 'I gaz'd and gaz'd, and to myself I said.'
[*Vol.* 2. *p.* 181.

[14] '"Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live!" [*Ib. p.* 173.

[15] ——'I *guess*
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he.'
——'We love you well,
Joanna! as I *guess*,' &c. &c. &c. [*Ib.* 155.

[16] 'Oh misery! Oh, misery!
Oh woe is me! Oh misery!' [*Vol.* 1. *p.* 121.

And made me sputter, sputter, sputter—(17)
Odds me, I felt like mad.

But what was worse than all the rest,
At least as bad, and very
Unkind of them, the men and girls
To see me mad, got merry.

The girls, I've said, were one, two, three,
Of men, two, three, four, five, I saw;
The former all laugh'd out te, he!
The latter, haw! haw! haw!

No sooner did they laugh te, he!
Than Dock-street echoed back the sound;
And Second-street replied haw! haw!
And so it went around.

The one still echoing te, he!
The other echoing haw! haw!
Haw! haw! te, he! haw! haw! te, he!
Te, he! haw! haw! haw! haw! (18)

Well, what could I do, brother Jim?
To tarry I had no desire;
So I went home my clothes to dry,
To dry them at the fire.

Well, home I went to dry my clothes,
Which did'nt make it any better,
For, as my coat became more dry,
My shirt, alas! grew wetter. (19)

Now, wasn't it a wicked thing,
Only because I thought it Moll,
To throw her water in my face?
——I don't like it at all.

But, may be, I'd not thought it her,
But for that pitcher made of tin,
Like those upon the shelf at home,
So round and white, and thin.

R. Shallow.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

The orations against Catiline.

[*Continued.*]

When the audacious Catiline appeared unexpectedly in the midst of the assembly of the senate, even in the moment when the consul was giving an account of the conspiracy, who could have thought that he would have had the impudence to shew himself there? We can conceive it so much the less, as this desperate bravado had no object; that he could not flatter himself, that he could impose by it, either on the senate, or on the consul, and this foolish temerity could not turn but to his confusion. The historian, Sallust, whose testimony cannot be suspected, says, in so many words, 'it was then that Cicero pronounced that eloquent discourse, which he published afterwards.' If there had been any remarkable difference between the discourse pronounced, and that which was written, is it thus that an enemy would have expressed himself? The terms of Sallust are an eulogium so much the less exceptionable, as in the same place there escapes from him a trait of malignity, which betrays his enmity: 'whether,' says he, 'he dreaded the presence of Catiline, or whether he was moved by indignation.' The second motive is so evident, that there is very bad faith in supposing the other. If all the conduct of the consul, equally firm, enlightened, and vigilant, had not sufficiently proved, that he never feared the villain whom he opposed, was it in the midst of the senate, whom the Roman knights surrounded, with their swords in their hands, was it upon the very theatre of his power and authority, that Cicero could be afraid of Catiline? We shall soon see that he feared not even those dangers, which were too manifest, to which his patriotic fortitude exposed him, in future, that he was well acquainted with envy and expected ingratitude, and that he set at defiance the one and the other. Accordingly, in a beautiful work, in which this great soul is faithfully painted, where exaggeration is never connected with grandeur, nor declamation near the sublime, in the tragedy of *Rome Saved*, Cicero himself appears to have dictated that verse, admirable in its simplicity,

Let us save the Romans, tho' we know them ungrateful.

In fact, to judge correctly of these harangues, of which I shall extract a few passages, we must place before our eyes the state of the republic at that time. The ancient spirit of Rome existed no more: the degradation of their souls had followed the corruption of their manners. Marius and Sylla had shown that the Romans could suffer tyrants, and there were not wanting men, whose ambition and whose hopes were awakened by these examples. The love of liberty and of their country, founded upon equal laws, could no longer subsist with that monstrous power, and those enormous riches, which the conquest of so many countries had placed in the possession of the Romans. Cæsar, already suspected of having had a share in a conspiracy, wounded by the pre-eminence of Pompey, and the predilection which the senate had for him, thought of nothing but reviving the party of Marius. Pompey, without aspiring openly at the tyranny, would have wished that the troubles and disorders produced by the factious spirit, which reigned every where, might reduce the Romans to such a degree, that they might put themselves under his protection, by naming him Dictator. The great ones, to whom the spoils of three quarters of the world could scarcely suffice to assuage their luxury and cupidity, dreaded every thing, which could raise the authority of the laws, and restrain their extortions and robberies. A small number of good citizens, and Cicero at their head, supported the republic, on the brink of ruin, and this was enough to make him the secret or the declared enemy of all, who were interested in the overthrow of the state. In these conjunctures it was that Catiline, whose pretensions to the consulate had been disappointed by Cicero, ruined with debts and debaucheries, accused of crimes of every kind, and whose impunity proved to what an excess of licence and corruption they had arrived, associates with himself the whole collection of citizens, who were dishonoured like himself, and as destitute of resources, forms the project of setting fire to Rome, and cutting the throats of the whole senate and the principal citizens, sends Mallius, one of the best officers, who had served under Sylla, to excite the veterans, to whom the dictator had distributed lands, and who desired nothing more than a fresh pillage. Mallius forms them into a body of an army between Fesule and Arezzo, and promises to advance towards Rome on the day marked for the massacre and conflagration, to unite with Catiline in putting all to fire and sword, overturn the government, and divide the spoils. These horrid plots began to break out on all sides: the engagements of Mallius with Catiline were not known: it was known that the veterans had taken arms, that the conspirators had intelligence in Preneste, one of the cities that covered Rome. These were not such times as those, when, upon much smaller alarms, they put to death, without form of trial, a Melius, a Cassius, because then the first of laws was the safety of the country. Consternation seized upon Rome: every one exaggerated the danger; and Cicero alone laboured to prevent it. Armed with that decree of the senate, the formulary of which, reserved for extreme dangers, gave to the consuls an extraordinary power, he watched over the safety of the city, fortified the threatened colonies, caused troops to be levied in Italy, opposed to Mallius the few forces they had been able to assemble; for it must be acknowledged that Catiline and the conspirators had chosen the moment the most favourable for their enterprise. There was not in Italy any considerable body of an army: the legions were in Asia, under the orders of Pompey. These circumstances, the alarms already spread, the precautions already taken, all admonished Catiline that it was necessary to precipitate the execution of his plan. He convokes a nocturnal assembly of the most confidential of his accomplices, and gives them his last orders. They were scarcely separated, when Cicero was informed of the whole by Fulvia, the mistress of Curius, one of the conspirators, who, to give himself importance in her eyes, has confided to her the whole detail of the conspiracy. This woman heard it with horror, and went to reveal it to Cicero, who immediately assembled the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, well fortified: it was there that Catiline, who was far from suspecting that the consul had learned his last proceedings, dared to present himself. If we were not well informed of the manners of the Romans, and of the history of those times, we should be astonished that the consul had not arrested him: the decree of the senate gave him the power; but he would have revolted the whole body of the nobles, and even many other citizens, jealous to excess of their privileges, if he had made use of all his power, to arrest a patrician, who was not convicted, nor, indeed, accused. Such an extra-judiciary proceeding was then very dangerous. Cicero himself is going to explain the other motives, not less important, which regulated his conduct, and we shall acknowledge, in his vehement apostrophe, the orator, the consul, and the statesman.

"Catiline! how long will you abuse our patience? For what time to come will your fury dare to insult us? At what period will this unbridled audacity stop?.....What! Neither the guard which watches through the night upon mount Palatine, nor those which are distributed through the whole city, nor the people in alarms, nor the concourse of all the good citizens, nor

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[17] 'That ever more his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter, still.'
[*Vol.* 1. *p.* 85.

[18] I hope, sir, that nobody will object to my echo. An old schoolmaster told me, not long ago, that Ovid, and Virgil, and Homer, and several such outlandish names, have *their* echoes; and why, sir, should not I have *my* echo? Here are five men and three women, all laughing in chorus; and yet they do not, altogether, make as much noise, as has been made by one lady. If any married man doubts this assertion, thus I prove it:

'When I had gaz'd, perhaps two minutes space,
Joanna looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laugh'd aloud.
The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laugh'd again:
The ancient woman, seated on Helm-crag,
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar,
And the tall steep of silver. How sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answer'd with a mountain tone:
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone toss'd it from his misty head.'
[*Vol.* 2. *p.* 185.

[19] 'And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body it grew better.' [*Vol.* 1. *p.* 175.

the choice of this fortified place, where I have convoked the senate, nor even the indignation which you read upon the countenances of all who surround you here, in one word, every thing that you see has not admonished you that your plots are discovered, that they are laid open to day-light, and that they are checked on all sides!—Do you think, that any one of us is ignorant of what you did last night, and the night before it; in what house you assembled your conspirators, and resolutions you have taken! Such are the times we live in!—Such are the manners of this age! The senate is informed of all this, the consul sees it, and yet Catiline still lives!——He lives!—What do I say? He comes into the senate! He takes a seat in the council of the republic!——He marks with his eye those among us whom he has designed for his victims, and we, senators, we believe we have done enough if we avoid the blade, with which he intended to cut our throats!——It is long, Catiline, since the orders of the consul ought to have conducted you to death. If I should order it, at this moment, all that I should have to fear would be, that this justice would appear to be too slow, and not too severe. But I have other reasons to spare you yet longer. You shall not perish but when there shall not be left a single citizen, however wicked he may be, however abandoned, however resembling yourself, who shall not agree that your death is legitimate. Till then you shall live; but you shall live, as you do at this hour, in such a manner besieged (thanks to my cares) with overseers and guards, in such a manner surrounded with barriers, that you cannot make a single movement, nor a single effort against the republic. Eyes always attentive, ears forever open, shall answer to me for all your proceedings, without your being able to perceive it. And what can you hope for still, when the night can no longer cover your criminal assemblies, when the noise of your conspiracy makes itself heard through the walls, within which you think you are shut up? All that you do is as well known to me, as it is to yourself. Shall I give you a proof? Do you remember that I said in the senate, that before the sixth of the calends of November, Mallius, the minister of your crimes, would have taken arms, and hoisted the standard of rebellion? Well! was I deceived, either concerning the fact, horrible and incredible as it is, or even concerning the day? I had announced, in full senate, the day you had designated for the murder of the senators; do you remember, that on the same day, when several of our principal citizens went out of Rome, much less to avoid your attacks, than to unite against you the forces of the republic; do you remember, that, on that day, I had known how to take such precautions, that it was not possible for you to attempt any thing against us, although you had publicly said, that, notwithstanding the departure of some of your enemies, there still remained for you victims enough? And the very day of the calends of November, when you flattered yourself you should make yourself master of Preneste, did you not perceive that I had taken my measures to put that colony in a state of defence? You cannot take a step, you have not a thought, of which I have not immediate intelligence. Finally, recollect the last night, and you will soon know that I have more vigilance for the safety of the republic, than you have for its ruin. I affirm, that this night you repaired, with a retinue of armourers, to the house of Lecca: Is this plain speaking? That a great number of those wretches, whom you associate with you in your crimes, collected there at the same time. Dare you deny it?—You are silent!—Speak: I can convict you. I see here, in this assembly, several of those who were with you.—Immortal gods! where are we? in what city, O Heavens! do we live? In what a situation is the republic! Here! even here, among us, conscript fathers, in this council, the most august and the most holy in the universe, are seated those, who meditate the ruin of Rome, and of the empire; and I, the consul, behold them, and ask their opinion; and those, who ought to be dragged to punishment, my voice has not yet attacked! Yes this night, Catiline, it was, in the house of Lecca, that you made a distribution of the posts of Italy, that you named those of your creatures, whom you would take with you, those whom you would leave within these walls, and that you marked the quarters of the city, in which they were to set fire. You fixed the moment of your departure: you said, that the only thing which could detain you was, that I still lived. Two Roman knights offered to disembarrass you of me, and promised to cut my throat in my bed, before day. The council of your robbers was not separated, before I was informed of the whole. I put myself in a posture of defence. I ordered the entrance into my house to be refused to those who should present themselves, to visit me, and these were the persons who appeared, whom I had previously named to several of our most respectable citizens, and the hour of their appearance was that which I had foretold."

[*To be Continued.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS WARTON.

[Continued.]

In 1761, he contributed to the 'Oxford Collection of Verses,' a poem on the Death of George II. addressed to Mr. Secretary Pitt, and verses on the Marriage of the King, and on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 1762.

About 1762, he published A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion, being a Supplement to all the Accounts of Oxford hitherto published, 12mo, without a date; burlesque on Oxford Guides, and Companions.

His next publication was the Oxford Sausage, or Select Poetical Pieces, written by the most celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford, 12mo, 1764. In this collection, the Newsman's Verses, and several other pieces of pleasantry, were contributed by Warton.

In 1768, he was presented to the Vicarage of Shalfield, in Wiltshire.

In 1770, he published from the Clarendon Press, Theocriti Syracusii Cum Scholiis Græcis, Historibus Emendationibus et Animadversionibus in Scholia Editoris et Joannis Toupii Glossis selectis ineditis, Indicibus amplissimis. Premittuntur Editoris Dissertatio de Bucolicis Græcorum, Vita Theocritæ Ionia Barnesio Scripta, cum nonnullis aliis auctoriis. Accedunt Editoris et variorum Notæ perpetuæ Epistola Joannis Toupii de Syracusiis ejusdem addenda in Theocritum necnon Collectiones quindecim Codicum; Oxon. 2. vols, 4to. 'This,' says Dr. Harwood, 'is a very splendid edition; and, after a very careful perusal, I can pronounce it as correct as it is splendid. Every lover of Greek literature is under great obligations to the very learned and ingenious Mr. Warton, for this magnificent edition of Theocritus, and for several other immortal productions. Some additional notes and observations, by way of Appendix to Warton's edition of Theocritus, were published by Mr. Toup in 1772, Curæ Posteriores, Sive Appendicula Notarum atque Emendationum in Theocritum Oxonii nuperrimi publicatum, 4to.

In 1771, he published an improved account of The Life of Sir Thomas Pope, Founder of Trinity College, Oxford, chiefly compiled from Original Evidences; with an Appendix of Papers never before published, 8vo. The attention and research which he has lavished in composing the memoirs of the munificent and meritorious founder of Trinity College, evince his gratitude and ability; but it cannot but be considered as an unhappiness that he was called upon by his situation and connections to attend to a subject on which even the vigorous genius of Milton could stamp no considerable value.

The same year he was presented by the Earl of Litchfield to the Rectory of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire, and elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

In 1774, he gave to the world the first volume of his History of English Poetry, from the close of the eleventh, to the commencement of the eighteenth century; to which are prefixed two Dissertations, on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe, and on the Introduction of Learning into England, 4to. The second volume appeared in 1778, and the third, which is brought down to the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1781. To the third volume is prefixed a third dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum. The fourth and last volume was announced, as 'speedily to be published,' in the end of his edition of Milton's smaller poems 1785, and it is said, a considerable portion of it was actually printed off at the time of his death. It is expected to be completed, and given to the world, with every possible advantage, by his brother, whose abilities, both in poetry and other literary provinces, have justly obtained the full sanction of public applause. A few mistakes and inaccuracies in these volumes were pointed out, with illiberal exaggeration, by Mr. Ritson, a writer of acknowledged, but misapplied talents, in a pamphlet, intitled 'Observations on the three first volumes of the History of English Poetry, in a Familiar Epistle to the author,' 4to, 1782. A vindication of Warton appeared in various communications in the 'Gentleman's Magazine" for 1782 and 1783.

In 1777, he collected his Poems into an 8vo. volume, containing Miscellaneous Pieces, Odes, and Sonnets. In this collection he omitted his Pastoral Eclogues, the Triumph of Isis, Newmarket, a Satire, The Progress of Discontent, and other pieces of humour. The publication may be considered as, in some measures, original, there being only seven pieces that had befor appeared, and near three times that number which were then first printed. Alluding to this publication, Mrs. Piozzi, in her entertaining 'Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson,' reports the following conversation; 'Such a one's verses are come out, said I: Yes (replied Johnson) and this frost has struck them in again. Here are some verses I have written to ridicule them; but remember that I love the fellow dearly, now, for all that I laugh at him.

> Whereso'er I turn my view,
> All is strange, yet nothing new:
> Endless labour all along,
> Endless labour to be wrong;
> Phrase that time has flung away;
> Uncouth words in disarray,
> Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
> Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

In 1781, he printed for private use, a few copies of A History of Kiddington Parish 4to, intended as a specimen of a history of Oxfordshire. A second edition was published, 'corrected and enlarged,' for sale, in 1783. This admirable specimen of parochial history, and of his general idea of such history, serves but to make us regret that he had not opportunity to execute more of such a plan. But why regret this exertion of his talents, when his History of Gothic Architecture, which he more than pro-

mised in the History of English Poetry, is now, it is to be feared, lost to the world?

In 1782, he engaged, as might be expected, on the side of Chatterton, in the Rowleian controversy, and published An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley; in which the arguments of the Dean of Exeter and Mr. Bryant are examined, 8vo, which bears conviction with every unprejudiced mind. This year he was presented to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire.

The same year he published his Verses on Sir Joshua Reynold's painted Window at New College Oxford, 4to.

In 1785, he was elected Camden Professor of Ancient History, on the resignation of Dr. Scott; and the same year he was made Poet Laureat, on the death of Whitehead.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Late last evening, as I was amusing myself with the poetry of DRYDEN, the following stanzas struck me as peculiarly applicable to the character of the magnanimous HAMILTON. If, in your opinion, the analogy is easy, and unforced, I shall be glad to see this extract in the Port Folio.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists, that rise before the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him, at that age, her fav'rites rank'd among,
When she her best lov'd Pompey did discard.

Nor died he, when his ebbing fame went less,
But when *fresh laurels courted him to live;*
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO..

Wherefore weep, my countrymen? Why this general gloom, which pervades our land—those saddened countenances, we every where behold? HAMILTON is no more!—A ruthless hand has shed his blood—By one cruel blow he has been severed from the world, and America, in tears, bewails her loss! Then weep, my countrymen. Your tears, generously shed to the memory of this first of patriots, bespeak the nobleness of your feelings, and loudly proclaim your grateful remembrance of his deeds and worth.

The spirit of Hamilton has taken its flight! In the mansions of bliss, united to that of our Washington, it rests—and America moans her loss irreparable! Irreparable? Yes—for where can virtue and talents, like Hamilton's, be found? America once might boast his equal. Washington, the friend of Hamilton, was her favourite son. But Washington, like Hamilton, now lies low! 'Again, in gladness and in triumph, *they* meet,' to enjoy the blissful rewards of their glorious lives.

All-gracious Providence, how have we merited this cruel affliction? Impious presumption! Dare we to murmur at the decrees of high Heaven? No. Thus Heaven has decreed, and to its decrees we must submit. Then dry up your tears, my countrymen; suppress your murmurs, and learn to profit by the life, and emulate the character of our departed friend. Tell to your children what Hamilton was: generous—brave—a stranger to every ignoble feeling—the friend of his country, and of his country's friends. In his bosom glowed the noblest sentiments of our nature. His life—But hold! Who will dare to undertake the arduous task of pourtraying his character and life? To such a task, talents like Hamilton's are equal, and, alas! such talents, like Hamilton's, are now no more! Is then the sad pleasure of recounting his noble deeds denied to us? No. To our children, and our children's children, we will tell what Hamilton did, and we will encourage them to do like Hamilton. And, O! if, in this, success should crown the efforts of any one of us, how proud would be our country! But dare we to hope that, *in this our day*, another Hamilton will be born? America has been kindly favoured by Providence—But this hope, even in America, would be presumptuous.

What was Hamilton? While yet an almost beardless youth, he was found in the foremost ranks of the gallant assertors of our rights and independence. While thought almost too young to *receive* counsel, he gave approved counsel to old age and experience. In the war of our revolution, he was one of the chosen friends of our chief. Yes.....Washington honoured him, *while yet a boy*, with his confidence, and *that confidence was never withdrawn.* Every where conspicuous, his military fame shone most conspicuously at York. It was there his brave compatriots attested his signal prowess—his gallant foe admired his unequalled humanity.

The war at an end, Hamilton's fame, as a soldier, was almost forgotten in our admiration of the virtues of the citizen, and the talents of the statesman. Of such a man, Americans might justly be proud; and now, indeed, Americans were worthy of the blessings of freedom. At this time they knew how to appreciate the talents and worth of their citizens. They bestowed their confidence, where confidence was due. They rejected, with proud disdain, the arrogant pretensions of flattery and falsehood. For such a time Hamilton lived. Hamilton, who lived for glory, not for power, who was ready at all times to devote himself to his country's service, but disdained the practice of unworthy artifices to obtain its favours. Accordingly, on any trying emergency, to Hamilton the eyes of his fellow-citizens would be directed, and such emergency speedily occurred. The want of an efficient constitution was about to produce all the horrors of anarchy and misrule: hence the appointment of a convention to frame a government of more energy, and Hamilton was one of its most shining ornaments. That convention offered to their country a government, which, in its operation, was found to answer the fullest expectations of its friends, and to which even its *secret* enemies dared not to deny the merit of having raised our country to the most elevated height of prosperity. Hamilton's great powers were exerted to procure its ratification; and his luminous essays, in defence of the Federal Constitution, and in refutation of the multiplied objections, which state pride and individual ambition raised against it, will ever remain imperishable monuments of the splendor of his talents, the grandeur of his genius, and the ardour of his patriotism.

The government was ratified, and went into operation under the highly favourable auspices of a Washington—A crisis of difficulty and danger to Hamilton! The first talents of our country being required to aid in the organization of our government, and to create a system of revenue, Hamilton was appointed, by Washington, to the high post of Secretary of the Treasury. Had he regarded his private ease, or maturely considered the dangers and hazards to which he was exposed, he would have declined the acceptance of it. But Hamilton was incapable of consulting his own interest, when put in competition with the public weal. For the good of his country, he readily put at hazard the reputation and honours which he had already acquired. And here again the secret hopes of Hamilton's and his country's enemies were disappointed. His fame shone forth with redoubled lustre. His talents rose superior to the embarrassments and difficulties of his high station. What was supposed to be above the reach of the greatest abilities, Hamilton appeared to accomplish with ease. In the infancy of our government, while thus the brightest worthies of America were labouring to establish order and tranquility, commenced the revolution of France; a revolution which aimed at the destruction of all peace and order in the civilized world; a revolution, hostile to religion and to government, and which, under the pretext of promoting reforms, and diffusing the principles of liberty and the rights of man, was endeavouring to pull down the political establishments of the world, and to procure every where the aid of other governments and other people, in their work of destruction. Now, indeed, a dark and portentous cloud had overcast our political horizon. France, eager to enlist us under her banners, had already excited in her favour the sympathies of our people, and every exertion was to be made to secure our government in support of their daring and unprincipled measures. But, blessed be God! Washington was our President, and Hamilton his most confidential adviser. The cloud, which was about to obscure forever our glory and fame, was dispersed. Neutrality was established, and the machinations of France defeated.

Having given a vigorous and successful support to the proclamation of neutrality; having provided ample resources for the fulfilment of our public engagements, and having established in the finances of our country a degree of order and arrangement, which seemed to bid defiance to the assaults of impotence and hostility, Hamilton withdrew from public life, to resume his profession, and to make provision for a growing family, whose interests, in his zeal for the welfare and happiness of his country, he had too long neglected.

The high rank, to which his talents entitled him at the bar, was quickly obtained. His integrity, equally with his resplendent abilities, secured to him the implicit confidence of his clients, and Hamilton was considered the proper model for those, who were emulous of fame and distinction in his profession.

But, although withdrawn from public life, he had not become indifferent to the public interest. His bosom glowed with unabated love for his country, and he stood ready, whenever public danger approached, to place himself between it and America. But a few years after his retirement from the treasury, the rapacious demands, and reiterated insults of France, obliged us to arm in defence of our rights and independence. Washington was invited from his beloved retreat, to take the command of our forces. In looking around him for associates in the honours and perils of warfare, his eyes fixed upon Hamilton; the man to whom he had often given his confidence, and on whose integrity and love of country he knew that he could implicitly rely. In the arrangement of officers, he was placed the second in command, because he was first in the affections of his chief. *Washington demanded it*, and Washington was obeyed.

France, discovering that America was determined upon resistance, dared not to attempt her subjugation. Peace being made, Hamilton joyfully sheathed his sword, to resume once more the labours of his profession. In the discharge of its duties, with satisfaction to his clients and honour to himself, he remained till the fatal day, on which, in the maturity of his fame, and in the fulnes of his excellence, he was cut off by his ruthless foe!

Such was the man, for whose loss my countrymen mourn. The day of his death was a day of

deep affliction, of unutterable woe. When Hamilton died, there fell a man, of whose equal all America, all Europe cannot boast. The qualities of his heart had endeared him to his friends. His unbending probity and inflexible love of country, had gained him the confidence of his most rancorous political foes. His brilliant talents and varied excellence had acquired to him the admiration of the world.

In the violence of party, it was not to be expected that worth, even like that of Hamilton, would shield its possessor from obloquy. But his integrity was far above the reach of malignity. He was said to be ambitious. Of what? Of his country's glory and his country's fame. To secure them he was ever ready to sacrifice even his life: that life, the value of which was so fully known, and the loss of which is so deeply regretted.

In the universal grief, which the fatal disaster of the 11th of July produced, the dissentions of party are forgotten, and all unite in bearing testimony of their respect for the exemplary worth of the departed patriot. When again shall Americans witness this pleasing melancholy spectacle? When again will the whole people of a great empire be bound down with affliction and sorrow, by the death of one of its great men? Never! For never again will a Hamilton die.

Maryland. M.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN BUTLER.

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN, Esq. a young lawyer and native of New Hampshire, who for three years past has resided in the city of London, is the Author of a singularly witty and ingenious poem, in the best manner of SAMUEL BUTLER, under the title of 'Terrible Tractoration!! A Poetical Petition against Galvanising Trumpery and the Perkinistic Institution. In four cantos most respectfully addressed to the royal College of Physicians. By Christopher Caustic, Esq. M. D. L. L. D. A. S. S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Aberdeen; and honorary member of no less than nineteen very learned Societies.'

In England, such has been the celebrity of this humorous Poem, that *within two months* from the publication of the first edition, a second has been called for by the partiality and taste of the public. The satire and irony of the burlesque Poet are not employed solely against the enemies of the Institution, which it is his principal object to defend. In his excursive flight of poetry, and in the well written and amusing notes to his merry cantos, he has very successfully ridiculed many of the disciples of the *new school*, who, either by Jacobin politics, or atheistical philosophy, or perverted literature, have, during the reign of *republican* delusion, attempted to disturb the peace, and deface the felicity of mankind. The author, whom we know to be a staunch disciple of the old school, and who has always proved himself an anti-gallican, anti-jacobinical, and anti-fanatical partizan, has acquitted himself with great ability in that part of his work, which is occupied in satirizing the upstart innovators of the time. He has attracted the notice of WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq. who has liberally praised the poet, and testified his friendship for the man. The suffrage of the author of the Baviad and Mæviad, one of the first critics and poets of his age, at once silences every cavil, and supersedes even the commendation of partial friendship. We exult to find, that a large impression of this work, published by Mr. Stansbury, of New-York, is nearly sold; and we hope, that the *well-principled* wit, who has so severely lashed the foolish and the flagitious in the old world, will brandish his scourge against the culprits of the new. If jacobinism and fanaticism provoked a just indignation abroad, what emotions in such a mind, will those hateful powers excite at home?

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The public attention has been for some time directed to a resolution, proposed and adopted in the legislature of Massachusetts, by Mr. Ely, in the following words:

"Whereas by the constitution of the United States it is provided, that the representatives shall be apportioned among the several States, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other persons; and further, that for the choice of the president and vice-president of the United States each state shall appoint a number of Electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in Congress.

"And whereas the said provisions were so manifestly unequal at the time the constitution was formed, that they could have resulted only from the spirit of conciliation and compromise which influenced the eastern states; because, in consequence thereof, a representation of the states is produced, unjust and injurious in its operation, both as it regards the number of free inhabitants in the several states, and their property.

"As in a state where a slavery of men is established by law, the slaves have no voice in the elections—but a Planter, possessing fifty slaves, may be considered as having thirty votes, while a *farmer of Massachusetts*, having equal or greater property, is confined to a single vote.

"And whereas the effect of these provisions has been rendered still more unequal and injurious, by the course of events, since the constitution was established, by an augmentation of the number of slaves in the southern states, and also by an increase of personal property in the eastern states, arising from the commercial spirit of its inhabitants.

"And whereas the said provisions have been rendered more injurious by important political changes, introduced during the present administration, in the purchase of Louisiana, an extensive country, which will require a great number of slaves for its cultivation, and when admitted into the Union, agreeably to the cession, will contribute, by the number of its slaves, to destroy the real influence of the eastern states in the national government, and also in the alteration of the original mode of electing the *President* of the United States, whereby, in the appointment of that important magistrate, the weight of the small states, (among which are most of the eastern states, where there are few or no slaves), is greatly diminished.

"And whereas the apportionment of the direct tax, the only compensation proposed by the constitution to the states, not holding slaves, for the aforesaid unequal principle in representation, is now merely nominal, as the national revenues are, principally derived from commercial imposts, the present administration having repealed the excise laws, which operated, in some measure, by a tax on luxuries, to equalise among the several states the contributions to the *public* burdens; and having also recently assessed additional millions on commerce, of which the eastern states must pay much more than their due proportion—so that instead of contributing less than their proportionate share of public expense, as was contemplated by the constitution, as a counterpart to unequal representation, they contribute more.

"And whereas a union of the states, a measure so important in its consequences, cannot, harmoniously, exist for a long period, unless it be founded on principles, which shall secure, to all free citizens, equal political rights and privileges in the government, so that a minority may not govern a majority—an event, which, on the principles of representation now established, has already happened, and may always happen.

"Therefore, to preserve the *union* of the *states* upon sound and just *principles*, and to establish a foundation of general harmony and confidence among all the citizens of the United States, by securing to them now, and at all future periods, equal political rights and privileges,

MOVED,

"That the senators of this commonwealth, in the congress of the United States, be instructed to take all proper and legal measures to obtain an amendment of the constitution of the United States, so that the representatives be appointed among the several states, according to the number of their free inhabitants respectively, and for this purpose that they endeavour to obtain a resolution of two thirds of both houses of congress proposing such amendment to the legislatures of the several states in the union, and that a committe be raised to bring in a resolve for that purpose."

The passing of this resolution, must be regarded as a measure of the first and greatest importance. In its fate are involved consequences, which are intimately connected with our peace and union; and, as it will, probably, be ere long submitted in a constitutional manner to the decision of the people, it imports them to discuss with calmness and temperance, before it becomes their duty to act upon it. Superficial thinkers will pass it by; and, indeed, considering the spirit of the times, and that it is intended to diminish that overgrown power, which is now in its full blaze, consuming the vigour and the resources of the complaining state; its success can hardly be hoped for. But reflecting men will give it their best and most profound consideration; that, should it be rejected, they may be able to foresee, and to know, upon whom to charge the consequences that may ensue. It imports the state of Virginia too, which now wields the sceptre of empire, to deliberate: to divest herself for a little while of her pride and her loftiness, and to reflect upon the tendency of the measures, she has pursued and is pursuing.

The constitution of the United States has been declared, by the framers of it, to have been 'the result of a spirit of amity, and of that mutual deference and concession, which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensible.' Great indeed were the difficulties which impeded its formation, and the obstacles, to be surmounted previously to its adoption. The members of the convention were not only embarrassed by differences of opinion, as to the theory of government, but 'the difference among the several states, as to their situation, extent, habits, and particular interests,' was so great, as to call for sacrifices and concessions, which, in any other less favourable state of things than that, which then presented itself, might in vain have been hoped for or expected. Every thing however contributed to make the occasion favourable to the great object, which we had in view, 'the consolidation of our union.' The harmony and the mutual attachment of the different states, excited, by their having been engaged in one common struggle for national independence, and the dangers and the hardships which they had encountered together; the general complacency, produced by their success; the manifest insuf-

ficiencies of the confederation, which had, for a time, under the pressure of external circumstances, kept them together, and the physical languor too, which succeeded the violent efforts they had made. All these contributed greatly to the success of the attempt. They were peculiar to the time, and, perhaps, can hardly be expected ever again to concur.

Under these favourable auspices the convention assembled: and perhaps an assemblage of more enlightened statesmen, or of truer patriots, never was witnessed in any age, or in any country. They came together under a sense of common danger, and determined to sacrifice local interests and prejudices, their private opinions too, as far as they might conscientiously, upon the altar of their country. The difficulties, however, which presented themselves, were great, and sometimes produced despondency in the most sanguine. After a session of many months, a form of government was agreed upon. It was indeed the result of a spirit of amity, mutual concession, and deference. In it were supposed to have been nicely balanced the power, the population, the situations, the extent, habits, and particular interests of the different states. These differences too, it is to be recollected, seemed to distinguish the United States into four divisions, Nothern, Southern, Western, and Atlantic. The plan of government proposed, was admirably contrived to reconcile them. The constitution of the Senate, and the mode of electing the chief executive magistrate, were the prominent features of the system which conciliated the affection and attachment of the Eastern and smaller states. These, in the existing state of things, were supposed to provide sufficiently for their security, and for giving them that weight in the national government, to which they justly supposed themselves to be entitled. The Southern and larger states, on the other hand, were not unmindful of their interests. They took care, that these should not be sacrificed or disregarded. About the future and prospective operation of the government, they were less anxious; well knowing, that their extensive territory, inviting a rapid increase of population by emigration, admitted of the formation of *new states*, which would gradually diminish the influence of the Eastern and smaller states in the *senate*. They knew, that these advantages must insure to them all they could wish or desire. One sacrifice, however, to the *lordly pride* of Virginia was required and granted. The wealth and the greatnes of her citizens were measured by the number of slaves, who were cheered by their smiles, or depressed at their frowns. These could not be disregarded; and the *ancient dominion* demanded, that their weight should be cast into the scale, against that of the *freemen* of the North. A proposition so repugnant to the feelings, the spirit, the prejudices, the education, the habits, the independence of the North, would, probably, at any other time, have been received with contempt and indignation. These emotions were in some degree produced; but at length a compromise was made, by giving to Virginia a representation of three fifths of *her slaves*—a compromise, which at the time was thought to involve little more, than a sacrifice of *opinion*, to *pride*; and to be sufficiently balanced by the *permanent* provisions of the constitution: but, these being essentially changed, it has proved, as will be shewn in the sequel, the source of the most incalculable injuries and wrongs to the Eastern states; has become an enormous evil, and must be removed, to afford any chance for a continuance of the union of these states.

Not to weary the patience of my readers, I shall defer the further investigation of this subject to future numbers. What is now submitted, will, I hope, be candidly weighed and considered. No man more honestly appreciates the importance of our union, to our prosperity, felicity, safety, and perhaps our national existence, than myself. That these may be vigilantly guarded, is my motive for submitting to my countrymen the reflections of no hasty or hypochondrical hour. I am neither a factious partizan, nor a growling malecontent, but utter the sincere opinions of attempered zeal. Happy, if my motives be candidly appreciated, and happier if my arguments can check the effervescence of civil commotion.

HORTENSIUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEVITY.

The following fragment of a journal was picked up by a traveller, while *tanti oying* along the banks of the Patomac.

Monday, 8 *o'clock*, 20*th February*, 1804.

Left Sally—damn'd bore, to rise early—but must seem industrious, though nothing to do. Met Madison at breakfast—don't much like him—talked of virtue and conscience—thought he looked hard at me—Gallatin's the man—never hear such stuff from him—no danger too of his pushing me out—good fellow! pay him well, and he'll do any thing—'point d'argent, point de suisse."

10 *o'clock*. Wrote half a page of my dissertation on cock-roaches—servant came in to say, people below wanted to see me on public business—cursed their impertinence—sent word, I was out. Why don't they go to Gallatin or Madison—office of President must be sinecure—trouble enough to sign bills and messages—returned to my cock-roaches, in a fret, and could 'nt write. Received note from Gallatin, inclosing bill I told him to read yesterday—says, it's all right—signed it, and sent it to the senate. Mem. to ask Gallatin, what's its purport.

Took up Port Folio—saw the name of *Gabriel Jones*—found myself in a cold sweat; and threw it into the fire. Wonder folks will talk of old stories—better mind their own business—troublesome fellow that Editor—worries me cursedly—lets nothing escape him. Beau Dawson lounged in—had on pair of new breeches—devilish proud of 'em—thought more of them than of me—mentioned pretty mulatto girl at ——'s—made my mouth water—take a peep at her—Sally's growing stale—told him to bring her in the back way. Beau talked of manufactures of France, famous hair-powder, and almond-paste—stock he brought with him almost out. Mem. must make another errand for him.

12 *o'clock*. Randolph came in—looked rather queer—found he'd been trying to answer that damn'd fellow Griswold—desperate case—made many bold assertions, but was detected in all—got into a cursed scrape, and was obliged to sit down—damn'd provoking, can't find any one to cope with Griswold—Jack's flippant enough, but quite on the surface, better than any of our side—though—tried Giles, found he wouldn't do—been looking out some time to buy over a Fed of talents—can't meet with one who'd take a bribe—very strange that.

Ordered my horse—never ride with a servant—looks proud—mob doesn't like it—must gull the boobies. Adams wouldn't bend so—had rather lose his place—knew nothing of the world. Pass'd Merry and his wife—saw her whisper and smile—look'd foolish—thought she was laughing at me—Why do women of fashion come to this country?—wish she had staid in England—heard her jest once about my dirty stockings—must cringe to 'em now though!—hope he hasn't written home about my first reception of them—only did so to please our party, and to shew the world, that republicans affect not to conduct themselves by the rules of gallantry and politeness.

Stopp'd at Judge K——'s, to be qualified to a deposition—swore on a volume of 'Devil on two Sticks,' by mistake—pretended to make a fuss about it—afraid I overacted my part—K. was seized with a coughing fit—believe him to be a sneering son of a bitch. Found Paine waiting to dine with me—sorry I invited him from France—nothing gained by him—people despise him—all owing to his imprudence—gave him some hints—a man may be an atheist without proclaiming it to the world—pleasant fellow tho'—several good jokes on the new testament—talked of the vision of Machiavel—outrageous about the restoration of the clergy in France. To put him in good humour, drank success to the invaders of England—plied him well with brandy, and, as usual, left the stay-maker under the table.

Received letter from Lewis, giving account of the Osage Indians—wonderfully curious terrapins—dare say it's a fine country—must have a breed—send commissioners to make a treaty with 'em. Dr. Mitchell came to tea—spoke of his new method of drying frogs—his new chemical nomenclature—folks cursed obstinate—will stick to Lavoisier's—all of a piece with preferring America to *Fredonia*—Read me a part of his letter to king of Naples—wonder who he got *to do it into Latin*—good thing his signature of *Centumvir*—a prig of a fellow—glad to get rid of him—no bad plan tho' of drying the frogs.

10 *o'clock*. Went to bed—could not sleep—took up *National Intelligencer*—found myself getting drowsy—began one of Cæsar Rodney's speeches, and soon fell into a slumber.

[*To be Continued.*]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We are glad to perceive that the 'Philadelphia Company of Booksellers' have Perrin's French Fables in the press. Among the elementary books of a polite and almost universal language, this deserves the attentive perusal of the tyro, who will find much useful and correct information in the various tracts of Perrin. His grammar is still advantageously consulted, and his 'Exercises' have strengthened the mind of every pupil.

Mr. John West, of Boston, is publishing Wanostrocht's 'Recueil,' which is another useful school book.

Mess. P. W. and L. Blake have published, at Boston, a beautiful edition of Johnson's Dictionary, in miniature, of the English language.

Mr. H. Caritat of New-York has, at length, completed an 'Explanatory Catalogue' of his very extensive and valuable Circulating Library. This useful pamphlet is modelled after the Catalogues Raisonées of the French, and occasionally presents a slight analysis, or a brief character of the most curious or valuable books. Some of the criticisms are derived from foreign journals of celebrity, and some appear to be formed by the proprietor, either from a deliberate, or hasty perusal of the books under review.

Mr. Samuel F. Bradford has published the five first volumes of Mavor's Universal History, is industriously proceeding with the series, and will soon complete, to the advantage of the general reader, a work not unworthy of the title of an excellent abridgment.

Mr. Mathew Carey has published several cheap, correct, and valuable editions of the Holy Bible. These editions, as appears by the liberal testimony of many clerical scholars, are, for accuracy and beauty, highly honourable to the publisher.

A new work, under the title of '*The Literary and Scientific Almanac*,' is announced, in a late London publication, as intended to be issued at the close of the present year.

The object is, to present to students and lovers of literature such correct lists and tables, both literary and scientific, as may serve the purposes of reference and inquiry on every subject. Among other lists there will be the following:

1. Of all contemporary living authors, specifying their names, age, residence, and works.
2. Of books published within the year.
3. Of literary journals and newspapers, foreign and domestic.
4. Of learned societies, and the names of the members of the most considerable.
5. Of book societies, book clubs, and permanent libraries, with the name of their president, steward, secretary, or librarian.
6. Of names of booksellers in the United Kingdom, and of eminent publishers abroad.
7. Of universities, and the names of their professors; with other useful particulars relative to students, the university business, &c.
8. Brief sketches of the annual progress of the various arts and sciences, with the new improvements and discoveries in each, and lists of new patents.
9. Notices of eminent literary characters, who have died in the course of the preceding year.
10. Curious and important tracts in physics and in science, depending on numbers, with brief tables of latitudes and longitudes, a chronology, table of dynasties and contemporary sovereigns; chemical tables, &c. &c. &c.

Communications are invited from all persons, who may be interested in the correctness of either of the foregoing lists, to be addressed to Mr. *Phillips*, No. 71. St. Paul's Church-yard.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Wood, describing the *Seekers*, who came to preach at Oxford in 1647, says, with the sneer of an orthodox Oxonian, "The generality of them had *mortified countenances*, *puling voices*, and eyes commonly, when in discourse, *lifted up*, with hands lying on their breasts. They mostly had *short hair*, which, at this time, was commonly called the *committee cut*."

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The classic GIFFORD, expressing his virtuous contempt for a late French novel, the licentious spawn of a jacobin hussar, declares, that 'if this gallant gentleman wield his sword no better than his pen, he must afford equal disgust to his colonel and his critic.' We do not remember a finer example of easy alliteration.

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Preston, a beautiful poet of Ireland, is the author of the following Anacreotic.

I love the friend, I love the lass,
That freely takes the circling glass.
I love to see the dancing eye,
With the wine in lustre vie;
Or the coral lip combine
With the ruby of the vine.
Fill it, fill the mantling bowl,
Pledge me every thirsty soul;
'Tis Perdition to old Care,
Pleasures to the young and fair.
Pleasures teeming, rising, flowing,
Never cloying, ever growing,
Pledge me now, ye young and fair,
'Tis perdition to old Care.

Oft I've heard Francisco say,
Wine was but *a bottled* ray,
From the blessed orb of light,
Giving sunshine in the night,
Giving summer's genial heat,
When December tempests beat.
Give me light, the gloom to cheer;
Quick, a BOWL OF SUNSHINE here—
Let *meridian bumpers* pass,
The sun delights to shine thro' glass,
If claret bottled sunshine be,
Eternal torrid zones for me.

—

I twine the wreath my brows to bind,
And Love among the roses find;
Find him lurking like a bee,
On harm intent, and harm to me—
By the wings I held him fast,
And in the racy goblet cast.
'Little cause of mighty ill!
Little urchin drink thy fill!'
I thought him dead, and drain'd the bowl,
And drank down Love, alive and whole.
Fatal, fatal to my rest!
He lives, he moves, within my breast;
His pinions flutter at my heart,
I feel within a thrilling smart! [*Ibid.*

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A Lady once asking a French Ambassador, who had resided a long time in Poland, whether it was true, that the Polish ladies were as white and as cold as the snow, which covered their plains; he replied, 'It is so true, Madam, that I have often *caught cold*, by conversing with them.'

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ANTIPATHIES.—Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to *fish*, that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Parè mentions a gentleman, who could not see an eel, without fainting. Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abano never could drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Uladislaus, king of Poland, could not bear to see apples. If a pear were shewn to Chesne, secretary to Francis I. his nose would bleed, from exertion to restrain his displeasure. Henry the third, of France, never could sit in the room with a cat. One of the bravest of officers, never dared to look at a *mouse*, unless he had a sword in his hand. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to be saluted, that if any one bowed to him, he would fall down.

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As the servant maid of Mrs. H. of the Dublin theatre, was following her mistres on a cast to Cork, where she had gone a few days before to join a strolling company, she was overtaken by three ruffians, who brutally violated the unfortunate girl. When she arrived at the theatre, the violated damsel ran immediately to her mistress behind the scenes, and told the dismal tale. At the conclusion of the story, Mrs. H. who was dressing for the Queen in Hamlet, exclaimed with a solemn voice, in the language of Shakspeare,

'Aye, it had been so with us, had we been there!'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetry of 'B' is received, and we shall cheerfully print it, without mutilation. We hope this writer will continue to contribute to this Journal. We have expected, for some time, another *sketch* from the tourist. We have not forgotten either the vivid tints of his landscape, or his striking likeness of a *good and great man. So correct a pencil, and such pleasing colours, will always recommend the artist.

'A Philosopher' appears to have wholly forgotten to what *sect* he belongs. He neither laughs with Democritus, nor weeps with Heraclitus.

A correspondent, who has sent us a splendid specimen of Spanish poetry, with a spirited translation, is entitled to our particular thanks. Few literary communications will be more agreeable to the Editor, than elegant extracts from the Spanish classics, with a version either literal or free.

A criticism upon a recent pamphlet is rejected, because it would excite a temporary attention to a juvenile crudity, of which the author himself, at a maturer age, will be ashamed.

The poem, in our last, though from the *free* muse of Mr. Lewis, is not merely pure and decorous, but philosophical and true. It is a rational scheme of innoxious pleasure, and Ethics might sanction what *Epicurus* has thus sung.

'The Rambler' has roved excursively, but has not even approached the lofty castles of Doctor Johnson. He wanders, it is true, but like a *vagrant*, not like a liberal and curious speculator.

'Y,' is better calculated for a newspaper than a magazine.

The verses to 'Emma' are flowing, and deserve a smile of approbation from the lady.

'Rowland' has studied Martial and the French epigrammatists sedulously; and translation or imitation of such originals will be alike admired by the lover of the Classics, and the laugher at Drollery.

In the poem of 'Sancho' there is a sort of pert vivacity, but it is like the briskness of bottled beer. Even his heaviness does not entirely sink him, according to the simile of Pope,

As forc'd from wind-guns *lead* itself can fly,
And pond'rous *slugs* cut swiftly thro' the sky;
As clocks to *weights* their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Him Emptiness and Dulness both inspire,
And are his elasticity and fire.

The ardent admirers of Mr. Moore cherish a lively hope, that the fascinating friend, and the sweet poet, after enjoying the hospitality of his countrymen in the British provinces, will shortly return to gladden the social and literary circle on the banks of the Delaware. The Editor will greet him, with that warmth of welcome, which the presence of such a friend inspires, and many an Horatian spirit will exclaim,

.....Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
Hic in *reductâ valle, Caniculae,*
Vitabis aestus, et fide Teïâ
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen, *vitreamque Circen.*

'Asmodeo,' with the most smiling good humour, has at once complimented and criticised the familiar ballad style of Mr. Wordsworth. There is no malice in the wit of our valued correspondent, and his laugh is the mirth of a gentleman, not the grin of a rustic.

'Florian', who has frequently evinced his acquaintance with Spanish literature, is requested to translate, for the Port Folio, whatever he may find interesting in the works of the scholars of Valladolid or Salamanca. Some of the fables of Yriarte, to whom Florian has often alluded, will be highly agreeable to the Editor, who is anxious that this paper should almost constantly reflect the literary beauties of the European continent.

* Mr. JAY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BOTHWEL CASTLE.*

By Thomas Campbell, Esq.
Author of the "Pleasures of Hope."

Thou hoary warrior, bent with years,
And swiftly mouldering to decay,
Faint-gleaming on my raptur'd sight,
As through the vale of Clyde I stray,
And view thy pine-wav'd, rocky steep,
The morn with mellow ray adorning!
Pouring her beams o'er hill and dale,
Far sweeter than the smiles of morning!

Behold, she flings her lustre wide,
And calms the brownness of the wood;
Where, tow'ring high in stately pride,
Thy walls frown awful o'er the flood:
Thy walls, from pristine grandeur chang'd,
How sullen o'er the wave impending!
And with the ivy's mantling green
Their hoary, moss-grown fragments blending.

While on thy turret's airy height,
With awe-transported thoughts I gaze,
Recall'd by fancy's magic power,
I see the sons of other days!
Their aspect bold, their stately mien,
To every breeze their banners streaming,
Their moony shields, with living blaze
Irradiate from the turret gleaming.

But hark! through every spacious hall
The bugle's long-protracted sound!
And see the courser's proudly prance,
With proud impatience paw the ground;
Lo! from th' expanding portal wide,
Horsemen and horse in order sally,
Glance through the forest's deepening gloom,
And sound along the bosky valley!

High Honour's dazzling reign, farewel!
Ye days of chivalry adieu!
On you my earliest thoughts were bent,
Still do my wishes tend to you—
Oh! still your poet's dreams delight
The visionary pomp displaying,
Till fancy's living hues shall glow
With scenes far brightest in decaying!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Mr. Younge has lately published select odes of Anacreon. We copy one, that the reader of taste may compare it with the elegant version of Mr. Moore. It will be immediately seen that the latter is *incomparably* the best. In justice to Mr. Younge, it must be declared, that, if Mr. Moore's version did not set all competition at defiance, Mr. Younge's translation of *this* ode might be perused with pleasure.]

Master of the rosy art,
Try the pleasing, friendly part,
Paint my beauty all divine,
Colour you, and I'll design.
Make her tresses easy lie,
Softly touch'd, and black the dye;
If your tint so far prevails,
Paint them breathing odorous gales.
Next her forehead, smooth and fair,
Gently raise beneath her hair.
Form a brow on either side,
Mix them not, nor yet divide;
Let no eye distinctly see
Where they part, or where agree;
Then her eye-lids must arise
Black and circling o'er her eyes.
Now her eyes your hand require;
Paint them sparkling as the fire,
Awful, as the queen of arms,
Lively as the queen of charms.
Next attempt her cheeks and nose;
Blend the fairness thro' the rose;
Then her lips persuasive grace
Softly courting an embrace;
Let a thousand graces deck
All her Parian marble neck.
Painter! now, to clothe the rest,
Form a purple, slender vest,
Clear, pellucid, that her skin,
Half observ'd, shall lye within;
Prying fancy thus may know
Wond'rous beauties are below.
Hold! enough! I see the fair:
All her charms confess'd appear,
Such the work in every feature,
Voice would make it real nature.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

Cease the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas! have falsely flown!
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl, who smil'd so rosy sweet—
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again.
You met—your souls seem'd all in one—
Sweet little sports were said and done—
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, indeed, was nothing loath.
Such were the hours that once were thine,
But, ah! those hours no longer shine;
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she lov'd so dear before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewel to thee,
To love, and all love's misery.
The hey-day of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more;
But soon he'll see thee droop thy head,
Doom'd to a lone and loveless bed,
When none will seek the happy night,
Or come to traffic in delight!
Fly, perjur'd girl!—but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?*
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Who now will court thy wild delights,
Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?
Oh! none.—And he, who lov'd before,
Can never, never love thee more!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO EMMA.

I've travers'd the grove, where the woodbine has twin'd,
And the wild note of melody greeted my ear,
Where soft-flowing rivulets gracefully wind,
And moss-cover'd banks, deck'd with lilies, appear.

I've tasted the joys of each rural delight,
The beauties of spring have enchanted my eye,
The dew-drop of morn, and the stillness of night,
Had pleas'd me, before thou had'st taught me to sigh.

But groves, with their woodbines, nor melody wild,
Nor soft-flowing rivulets graceful to view,
Nor moss-cover'd banks, where the lilies have smil'd,
Have half the delights that are center'd in you.

Nor rural enjoyments, nor beauties of spring,
Nor dew-drop of morning, so pearly and bright,
Nor yet the soft stillness, which evening doth bring,
Without thee, my Emma, can yield me delight.

For, Oh! with what rapture and transport of bliss,
I dwell on those graces, which round thee entwine,
And oft where thy steps have imprinted a kiss,
With ecstacy trace all the charms that are thine.

Oakley.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO JULIA.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twin'd,
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines,
Torn from its dear and only stay;
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

A captive thus to thee, my girl,
How sweetly shall I pass my age,
Contented, like the playful squirrel,
To wanton up and down my cage.

When death shall envy joy like this,
And come to shade our sunny weather,
Be our last sigh, the sigh of bliss,
And both our souls exhal'd together!

EPIGRAM.

Frank once ask'd a friend 'don't you think I speak well,
Though I ne'er take a book from its shelf?'
'How the talent you've gain'd,' said his friend, 'I can't tell,
But, I own, you speak well.....of yourself.'

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* Published from the author's manuscript.

* Chi più diravvi allora
Che v'ama, che v'adora?
Chi più suo ben sua speme
Allor vi chiamerà?

Metastasio. *L'Amor Prigionero.*

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